

The Occult Word.

With Charity For All ;



With Malice Towards None.

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SOUTHLAND SOJOURN.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MRS. CABLES.

We are often asked what we believe and what we do. It would be a difficult matter to say what so large a body as the Rochester Brotherhood do, or do not believe. But we think all of them do believe in doing all the good that comes in their way, and we have knowledge of much good work done by our brothers and sisters, but are not permitted to publish it. We think it would be very beneficial if it might be done, as many ask "How shall I work acceptably?" and we have prevailed on Mr. Aldrich to permit us to set the example. He has never before permitted us to mention his name but through the influence of our INNER CIRCLE he has given his consent, and we proceed as follows. We know there are those who will understand and approve.

I came to Aldrich, Ala., the first of last December to spend the winter, and when my friends who had been at "The Home" with me received a letter announcing my presence here they expressed great astonishment, and asked me to tell them all about it. Of course this I could not do, as it required so much extra writing, but I will attempt to do so in this letter; thus giving them the desired information, and perhaps some philosophy also. I met Mr. William F. Aldrich at a convention held at "The Home" about two years ago. He carefully observing the heavy burden some of us were obliged to carry, came to the rescue in a most gracious and generous manner. This long-needed assistance caused many who had felt grave concern for us, to feel the deepest gratitude and admiration toward Mr. Aldrich.

We know there are many whose eyes will follow these lines who will appreciate fully what we are trying to tell them. Since that time he has continued to aid us in every way possible both in our work and our publications. We think that this gentleman is little known to Theosophists, save as one who came to aid them substantially.

Later on he became aware of the delicacy of my health, and thinking a winter in this balmy climate would be beneficial to me, he came to Rochester, and brought me with a friend to his home, which I must describe to you. In the first place, Mr. Aldrich is a young gentleman, bright and genial by nature, stern and commanding when the occasion requires, yet tender and sympathetic when his attention is called to any case of injustice or tale of sorrow, which he immediately hastens to remove. After a long and tiresome journey through a very rough country we arrived at a station three miles from Aldrich, where we were met by a very bright and agreeable young man, with a covered carriage to take

us home. He seemed overjoyed to meet "Mr. Will," and after saluting us all he said to him: "It has been pretty lonesome for me since you went away, I can tell you." Soon Mr. Aldrich said to us: "He is my aide-de-camp, my right hand man; I wish you to notice him." However we were soon packed snugly away and rolling along, and though it was quite dark we were occasionally greeted with "Welcome home, Mr. Will." At length we arrived at his home—which we have since named the "Rajah's Lodge." It is impossible to describe to you the comfortable picture it presented to us with its bright grate fires in every room on the ground floor. It is the quaintest place we ever saw, and reminds us of stories we have read. The servants' quarters and other buildings, the old oak trees scattered among them, and the hillside with its tall pines, which form an immediate background, seem like a peaceful dream. In due time my maid was introduced to me and I found her a very intelligent and kind mulatto woman. I was soon attracted to her by her tender care of me, she never leaving me for a moment through my weary headaches, and waiting upon me as if she loved every hair upon my head. Finally I said to her: "Betty, what can I do for you?" Said she "Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Cables. I don't mind so much for myself, if there only could be something done to better the condition of my people," and I said, "Betty tell me about them, and tell me what is that building yonder on the hill." "That is the colored school," said she, "and near it are the play grounds for the children." "Do you think I might visit it?" I asked. "Oh yes'um," said she. "Then I will soon go; will you come with me Betty?" "Yes'um, gladly." "Who teaches the school?" "Oh, Mr. Prentice; he also preaches in the church." "Then there is a colored church here." "Oh, yes, and he has not only preached, but has taught both day, night and Sunday schools for more than ten years." "What do your people do for a living? It does not look like a farming country." "They work in the coal mine." "Tell me all about them Betty." "Well ma'm, about 12 years ago Mr. Truman, who is Mr. Will's brother, came here and took the mines. They were small then and there was not much here, the country was new and poor. In about a year Mr. Will came, and after a while Col. Cadle came too, and they bought all the land about here, opened a new mine and set a good many more men to work and built a lot of new houses for them to live in. After awhile the Colonel went away and now has charge of the new mines at Blockton, which is quite a large place and it looks like it will be a city soon. A lot of the colored folks work there too. Mr. Truman does not

come here often now; he is busy somewhere else, but I tell you, Mrs. Cables, these men have been good to our people. I used to be nurse for Mrs. Truman Aldrich's little Herbert, and what little I am is due to them. They were always so kind and taught me a great deal, and now Mr. Will has charge of everything here, and we are awful proud of him, and when any of us want anything we always go to him. His mother lives here with him except when she goes abroad. She is a lovely lady. I expect that it is because she is so good that makes Mr. Truman and Mr. Will so good." "Well Betty I think we will visit the school on Wednesday." "Yes'um," said Betty. Accordingly on Wednesday we set out for the school, but stopped in the store which belongs to the company and procured several pounds of candy which I divided for the children. We soon appeared at the school house door. After rapping we heard a timid "come in." What met our vision was unlike anything we had seen before. Were we writing a novel our description of this scene would be lengthy and especially interesting to children, but as our article is intended to show the real work that can be done, we hasten on, and confine ourselves to those points which in our judgment contain a simple lesson or example. Mr. Prentice gave us an extremely modest, and deferential welcome. We could see that Betty had prepared him for our coming, and all possible preparation had been made for our reception. We took our seats and then carefully looked about us. The school had grown far beyond the capacity of the school house which was divided into two rooms, and Mr. Prentice was obliged to use them both for his classes, and we could not conceive how so much could be done with so very little. He had high old-fashioned benches, uncomfortable and insufficient, and we saw he had made the very best use of it all. The children were bright and well behaved. When school was dismissed each child came up and extended a hand for the candy, and we had an opportunity to speak a few words to each one. Then we had some conversation with Mr. Prentice himself who seemed overwhelmed with feeling. He told us of his lack of opportunities to learn, and his hopes for the future. He had been trying to save a little money he said, to get a dictionary and an encyclopedia, with which he thought he might improve himself, but these were very expensive. When the visit was over, we promised to come again, and took our leave. On arriving home, I thought and thought and wondered how I could help this truly worthy man. I procured some little conveniences from the store and sent them to him. This seemed too much for him to bear quietly, and I received the following letter:

Mrs. Cables :

MADAME:—Your visit to our school-room can hardly be spoken of in high enough terms by one who has been deprived of so many things that make one appear well in social circles. I would call to see you in return, but feel that I can better express myself to you in writing.

The pen-wipers &c., were gladly received by the pupils and myself. How to return you thanks we know not. Truly, God touches the hearts of his servants and sends them forth in the world.

The bearer stated that you would look after the books that I said we needed.

With these gifts and kind offers, God only knows how much I am impressed to feel my obligations to Him and my race.

Never have I had such an encouragement here in my work from any person. It is true I have found a friend in the person of Mr. Aldrich, though he has not visited the school. No doubt being concerned with other things, was why he did not visit. He has said many encouraging words to the people who send to the school, which has caused them to take a greater interest in sending.

I have put forth every possible effort. When I look at the unfavorable circumstances under which I have labored, I cannot help but feel that the hand of God has been with me.

I came to this place thirteen years ago. My people had little knowledge of real morality. Education was a thing unknown; only two or three could read and write. Illiteracy was the popular element.

I had little or no experience, only what I had learned in the school-room during the thirteen years above spoken of.

Many things that I have suffered have resulted in much good.

I am thinking of going to school some more yet, and have been praying over the matter and think that the way will be open soon.

Your servant for the negro race,

D. L. PRENTICE.

Mr. Will was out of town at the time and when he returned I laid the case before him as I understood it. I could see that he saw it all by a new light, and I was surprised and overjoyed when he said in his genial impulsive way: "I will get the books and some desks and fit him up in good shape, and I have a globe which I will send him right away." This was done in a few days. He brought in for my inspection a beautiful large Webster's dictionary and the volumes of an encyclopedia all bound in leather. Said he, "I think I will take them right over to him," which he did, saying to Mr. Prentice "Now I hope these books will help you, both in your church and school work." Of course Mr. Prentice was unable to say anything. We found the colored people had become inspired and were working about the school grounds trying to make everything as comely as possible. About this time, Mr. Hollis B. Page of Boston, who had been of very great help to us for many years, had returned from Germany. I suggested to Mr. Will to invite him to join us, which he quickly did, even by telegraph, and Mr. Page as quickly responded. As his young wife had just gone to a sanitarium he could come to us, and is now here. After making himself acquainted with the surroundings, we said to him: "Now Hollis, do you know what you are here for?" "No I don't, but I know I am mighty pleased to be here." "Well, we are going to work for the colored people and you will have to help us. We are going to their church to talk and read, and do anything we see to do to help

them, and you have to come along." "Oh I should be delighted," said he. In a few days Mr. Will was called to superintend the placing of the new desks which had arrived. We all three repaired to the school house and we were surprised at the beauty of the desks. We all conspired together and planned how best to improve the place. We finally decided to take away the partition as much as possible, throwing the two rooms into one, and making other changes which were highly beneficial, and after Mr. Will had promised to build an addition for Mr. Prentice's especial use, in the spring, we left him more bewildered than ever. But we omitted to tell you that we two had paid a visit to the church before Mr. Page came. We received from Mr. Prentice the following letter:

ALDRICH, ALA., Feb. 14, 1888.

Mrs. Cables :

Kind Friend of the Poor:—Your visit to the South must be of the Lord.

We see you now clearer than ever, notwithstanding, when we first met you, we took you to be a fearless friend to our race (colored) and for Christ. When we see you tramping through mud and rain to our place of worship, a distance of over one mile, and when you get there the doors are locked, and you sit or stand in a little coal house where the cold wind is coming through on every side, and then pretty soon the sexton comes and opens the doors, and when we all come we find you sitting there as well contented as though you came in a carriage. You seem very contented until a chance is given you, then you give us some grand thoughts on the subject "Love," while we sit just as still as we can, for we can hear you for more than one or two hours, for such a thing is not common in this part of the world to hear and see a refined white lady get up and address colored people. When we look at our library and see that you have placed in there a full set of reference books, have taken out the country seats and put in a full supply of nice school desks, and one teacher's desk, and when too, I see your other kind favors to me and the children, your Christian advice to me in regard to the government of my school, and telling me how these all of a sudden favors should make me humble and devoted to my people and to God, are all indications to me that it must be of the Lord that you are here. Yes, you having Mr. Page to visit us in our School work impresses us that he too is a friend to us.

You said that you, Mr. W. F. Aldrich and Mr. Page would like to present some subjects to us that you thought would be of help to us. Our doors are ajar for any Christian favor that you may do for us, or say for our good. If ever any poor people needed help up in the rugged path of life, we do. We had grown very much discouraged before you came, but said little and thought much. We thank you from the depths of our hearts.

Your Servant,

D. L. PRENTICE.

P. S.—I would not like to convey the idea that you had not a chance to ride on some vehicle, but our church road was too bad.

It will be well to state here that we are in one of the old slave states, and the distinction between the races remains very great, and I question if any of the white ladies I have met could possibly have done what I have been able to do. I have met several families who owned slaves during those dark days, and I shall never forget their gentle sweetness of manner and great kindness to me. I have rarely seen such hospitality as theirs, and such perfect unselfishness. We have seldom been without a precious little bouquet of violets from one who has taught us

to love her throughout our lives, and the first hyacinth of spring is on my desk, sent to me yesterday by a sweet family whose kindnesses will ever remain in my heart.

Last Sunday was the time appointed for our trio to appear at the church. Now this church standing among the tall pines is quite an imposing edifice for this place. A few years ago the colored people told Mr. Will that they wanted a church and that they would pay for it a little at a time, so the company built it and they have it all paid for as they agreed.

Arriving at the church after a pleasant walk through the bright sunshine, this notice over the door caught our eye:—

There shall be no laughing, talking or whispering during services. There shall be no talking, laughing or smoking within 50 feet of the church.

A quaint song from those earnest people greeted our ears, which was no doubt intended as a welcome for us. We passed on and were met by Mr. Prentice and shown to seats that had been prepared for us. Mr. Page's artistic eye ran admiringly over the scene before us. The floor had been made as clean as a table, green wreaths had been twined to adorn the church, and over the pulpit was placed an inscription which ran thus: "We welcome you with our hearts, we need your help." We certainly were all greatly moved, and felt that a people that appreciate a little so highly were worthy of the help they craved. Mr. Will first addressed the people.

It was a beautiful sight to us, to see one so gifted and blessed, urging those poor people on to become better men and women, giving them encouragement and hope, which they responded to then and there, by saying: "We know you are our friend, we have always been free to come to you when in need." Then came my own turn to make a little talk with them, which I did, and as the treatment of children is one of my hobbies I spoke on this subject which also embraced anger and fear. During all our speaking the congregation were spell-bound. Mr. Page had concluded that he would say nothing that Sunday, but Mr. Prentice said in a most feeling manner: "Do speak just one word to let us know you are in sympathy with us." Mr. Page quickly arose to his feet and Mr. Prentice said to the audience: "I hope you will give him the same welcome as you have to the others." They arose like a wave, with one accord to show in their best possible manner how grateful they were. Mr. Page said: "I am heartily glad to be with you today. I am pleased with your church and your people; next Sunday I shall try to be with you and will talk or read something to you." Then some questions were asked and discussed. Some arose and feelingly expressed thanks for what we had told them, promising to profit thereby. After telling them we would be with them on the following Sunday we bade them good-bye and made our way homeward, cheerfully discussing what had happened and planning for more work in the future. I have concluded to give the women a course of private lectures, beginning next Monday. We can feel in the very atmosphere the courage and joy which has been set in motion, and Betty said to me: "Oh, Mrs. Cables I can't tell you *no how* how proud I am of you; to tell the truth I haint got no words to express how proud I feel," and when one night these children of nature gathered in front of our house with a brass band to serenade us, after

much labor and practice for the event, and I looked into Mr. Will's bright face, I saw that he was deeply touched and so were all of us, and you dear friends would have been the same. I expect to return home early in May, and if I receive letters from you requesting to hear the rest of our story, I will continue it in the next issue. But here comes little Joe Hoskin with a bunch of mistletoe for me to send away in my letters. Many of you have already received some from the same source.

Yours in peace.

JOSEPHINE W. CABLES.

ALL FOR MONEY.

Let us take an example of what is called crime and trace some of our legal processes in respect to it. A man was thrown out of employment by the shutting down of the mill where he had worked. The mill closed because trade was dull, prices low, and the proprietors said they could not make *any money*. He finds himself, after due trial and strict examination, unable to procure any work in the city where he lives or in the district roundabout. His wife was sick, he could not leave home because there was no one to look after her except himself, and if he did there was little or no chance to find work at his trade, for when it was dull at one place it was dull in all other localities. He was an industrious and sober man. He made good wages when at work, enough for his support, and some for a rainy day. The sickness of his wife, which had been long continued, had gradually used up his accumulations, so now the sudden stoppage of the mill had left him without means. A review of the situation shows that he has no money, no work, nor any immediate prospect of any, a sick wife, pressing demands to meet for food, fire and rent. What was he to do? The city had made a sort of an effort to relieve the general distress, but as there was not to be any elections till the following summer the "fathers of the city" did not put much soul or energy into the relief department. He applied to them for work, but as he had no family but his wife he was put aside for those that had larger families. This seemed just to him, so he did not complain, but sighed because there was not enough for all.

"I am anxious and willing to work. I must have money for my sick wife. She must not suffer for food and medicine, and here is the rent to pay," he said. The thought of the rent sent a chill over him. The house, or rather block, where he had a room was owned by a hard, cold, self-made man who had no charity nor even patience with the unfortunate ones. His rule was, "Pay in advance or get out," and "I don't care which," he would add with a self-satisfied curl of his lip and shake of shoulders and head like a dog over a bone. "Yes, we must pay the rent or go into the street. If it were not for Mary I could go. I would not care. I wonder if the tramps were not like me, men forced to the wall by circumstances that they could not control, so they went away with the wave and have been cast back and forth ever since. The rocks and sand of hardship and want have gradually broken them up, and at last the useless driftwood will lodge in some Potter's field, where I, too, may lie. If I had money I would change all this. Why should some be so rich and others so poor? Why should one of God's creatures roll in plenty and an-

other suffer for the necessities of life? Why should so many be homeless, so many without work, so many sick, so much distress? Money, you could change all of this; you must have a wonderful power. Why don't you always work for good? But gold is dead; it cannot work nor do good; it is as potent for evil and it does not care; it has no conscience; it has no feeling; it hears not the voice of joy nor of sorrow. What, then, makes it work? It must be the heart of love that uses a willing and free hand to produce bright and happy results. A selfish heart with an unwilling and calculating hand produces the evil results. If this be so I would have changed the hearts of men to do away with sorrow; and I cannot do that. I cannot even get bread to eat. Oh, man, if you knew the power of earnest, well-defined thought you would not be so powerless!"

After some time the pressure on him became so great that he went out and stole a chicken from in front of a grocery store without caring whether he was seen or not, feeling within himself that "I will not let Mary starve when there is plenty in reach of my hand. Our hungry bodies have no respect for so called property rights." A policeman, who had just come around the corner so as not to see Jim Bulldog assault a quiet citizen who had accidentally run into him, was eager to show his prowess and pursued our man and caught him just as he was entering his door. He did not even have time to throw the chicken to his starving wife. He was, of course, captured without trouble, as he was too weak and breathless to fight, even if his spirit had not been crushed by many hardships. The chicken was taken along as *evidence*. The policeman did not make the arrest for fun, but because he considered it a part of his duty. He had become a policeman, after long waiting, so that he could support his family. He did not care for the food, nor that it was taken, for he knew what hunger was from sad experience. Still, if he did not do what was called his duty he would be discharged and would have to join the army of tramps. It was his \$3.00 per day he was working for; it was the money he wanted that his family might not go hungry. Our man was taken before the police justice who was working for money, too. He had no idea of making any great success in life nor of getting a higher position. He was a poor lawyer and had worked for the party for many a long year without reward, but at last a quarrel among the bosses had left a vacancy on the slate and he slipped in. His whole care was to please the ring and to draw his pay—in fact it was *all for money*. Our man was brought up. The grocer made the customary complaint. The policeman told his story and showed the chicken. The justice (?) said in a voice that was husky, not with emotion to see a man condemned, but with tobacco and beer, "\$10 or 30 days." The clerk made the entry; the man was showed into a cell; the justice stepped out to get a drink; the policeman said, "if it was not for that d—n thief he would have caught Jim Bulldog;" and so the mill of the Blind Goddess had made a revolution and a human soul was crushed.

It seems quite proper to represent Justice with a bandage over her eyes, for she is indeed *blind*. Perhaps a pair of crutches would be an additional symbol not too suggestive.

If our example had had \$10 he would not have stolen anything. The fact that he did not have any money was the reason he did

take the chicken. Then Justice says, "you pay me ten-fold the value taken and you can go free." If he could have stolen \$10 from some one *and not have been found out* he could have paid his fine, and one crime would have wiped out the other as far as the law required. Does it not seem to be *all for money*?

I will not describe all that happened to him in the station house cell, nor in his work on the streets, where his misfortune was made a thing of disgrace, and his friends and all passers-by might see him thus; nor how his wife grew worse and was finally moved to the hospital and died before he had regained his liberty; was buried by the city in an unmarked pauper grave. These are all facts. The story is *true*, and there are many sufferers right at your doors. Look and see if you cannot find ample proof, and then do what you can to help both by thought, word and deed to remove such things from among a free, civilized and and happy (?) people.

EX-DETECTIVE.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—The above story is not of the character that we have heretofore published in the OCCULT WORD, but we consider it an honest effort to bring another side of humanity before us which is real, and merits our attention. Sundry sociological studies by eminent writers portray with the same indignant warmth the inexorable legal Juggernaut, viz: "Ginx's Baby," "The Devil's Chain," "It is the Law," and especially that masterpiece by Canon Kingsley picturing the Social Abyss in the English language as did Les Misérables in French.

EASTER LILIES FROM GARDENS OF LIGHT!

It requires too much credulity to hold it mere chance that this number of the OCCULT WORD is coincident with Easter and the previous one with Christmas, for it was not by any design that we saluted our friends at the time of two joyous festivals of the modern churches and archaic faiths. So many charming poems and eloquent discourses have been sung and said on the theme of Eastertide, and so much learning has been expended as to its origin, symbolism and rites that these columns are inadequate to even citation therefrom. And so we rest content with now wishing our readers an Eastertide Within, in very truth; and that its Gracious and Hallowed memories and associations may not be either formal or as curious legend or mere history, but a stimulus and inspiration to the everlasting verity: that it only depends upon mankind to recall the Paraclete, grieved and fled since the great Apostasy under Constantine. But it rests with each individual person to seek and find, to ask and receive such opening of the eyes that they may know, as those who journeyed to Emmaus, that the Arahât is not far distant! In all such hearts is echoed Mrs. Barrett-Browning's trumpet-call to those who, like Peter, ask, as of little faith, are discouraged and afrighted, because under their feet the waves seem boisterous and engulfing:

"Step boldly forth in the dark and drear,
For He who walked on the sea is here."

Once again, may the mystic forty days after Easter be filled with good works,—wholesome thoughts marking long stages on the four-fold upward Path to the Mount of Ascension!

THE OCCULT WORD.

PUBLISHED AT

No. 40 AMBROSE STREET,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BY MRS. JOSEPHINE W. CABLES.

A new commandment I give unto you; That ye love one another.—JOHN xiii. 34.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb.-March, 1888.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE ROCHESTER BROTHERHOOD is growing rapidly. We are not able to write to all, nor to any, as frequently as we would like; they must consider the OCCULT WORD as an open letter—addressed to the whole Brotherhood. We would be glad if wherever there are two, three or more members in one place, or close enough so that they would meet together conveniently, if they would form a section of the Rochester Brotherhood for local work and general instruction, appointing one of their number as secretary. The headquarters will furnish these sections certificates, the OCCULT WORD, and other publications we may issue from time to time, free of charge. Reports from these sections of work and of methods employed, will be printed in our paper for instruction to others. We desire to do away with all symbols. Those that are now used by us are simple enough; but still, as they are simple, we may as well dispense with them altogether. The word Christos in Greek text surrounded by rays of light could just as well be in plain English, that all may know that we are striving to follow the CHRIST and the CHRIST LIFE. The L. L., S. S., K. D. within the triangle should be used in full, that there may not be any mystery nor uncertainty as to their meaning. First of all, LIVE THE LIFE. Next, SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES; this is to study all the things of God—His words and His works; and lastly, KNOW THE DOCTRINE, which will be the undoubted result of living the life.

We wish to reaffirm our belief in the Christ—whose name appears in the illuminated circle on our heading. We believe his command, "Love one another," which is the motto at the head of our editorial page, embraces all the instruction that is necessary for our guidance and progress, and if practised practically will bring a great peace. Those that wish to do something great for the Master's sake will find it more difficult to carry out that simple command than to scale mountains, or give up all in one large sacrifice. It may be comparatively easy for one to forsake the world for a quiet life of meditation and prayer; but when it comes to "loving our neighbor as ourself," and living in the world, daily practising this precept, then we will realize we have taken upon ourselves a burden as great as we can bear.

There are many phases of the occult; some are attracted to one branch of the subject—some to another. The OCCULT to which we devote our words is the hidden effects of little words and deeds upon the life of others, and on humanity at large—tracing the effects of fears from mother to child, from child to man, and seeing the resulting diseases and misfortune, watching the great law of perfect justice, "as you sow so shall ye reap," and seeing that compensation will surely come both for evil and cruel words and deeds, and for loving and kind ones. Let us choose and reward; will we take gratitude and love or hate and discord? Our

harvest will be according to the seed we plant, and every day is the time for both sowing and reaping; we reap what has been sown, and sow for the morrow.

* *

THE OCCULT WORD is a paper after its own kind. We aim at neither deep mysteries, profound philosophies, nor subtle metaphysics. Our object is to say something to the simple and careless ones, whom we feel able to instruct in things pertaining to everyday life. The great and "those who know" need no guides nor teachers. The objects are the same now as they always have been, but we are disposed to repeat them often that the public may know our platform, and not expect intellectualism concentrated. We have observed closely, and are sure that the philosophies and religions such as are being inculcated at the present time fail to reach those that need them the most, by reason of their intricacies. There is therefore a great need of a simple little primer—a comprehensible foundation on which the lowest may start his or her spiritual building—a constant reminder that happiness and progress for self are best obtained by lifting up others and making them happy.

Those that need the church most are not attendants—they must be sought for in the back streets and slums, and made to come under its influence. With us we so wish to scatter the crumbs of spiritual truth that even those who have heretofore never thought they could do anything may receive the first impulse to try. The soil must be prepared before even the seed can be sown. We shall strive to make our paper do this work. The gentle and constant dropping of kind words, and with an appreciation of the difficulties in the upward way, will soften in time the hardest heart, and prepare it for new growth and development. Those who occupy the position of teachers in any capacity will appreciate the great necessity of having the material prepared so that it can be easily worked up into good and useful shape, and we shall be glad to have them write for the OCCULT WORD with that end only in view. We wish to leave to others the teaching of doctrines, dogmas, systems, and philosophies. There are many festering spots on the body of our humanity; these are covered over by a thin varnish of so called propriety, being considered by many as necessary evils not to be touched nor troubled about. We deem this a great error. If there is a diseased spot on a child, the physician considers it of great moment, and gives it his prompt and best attention, cleaning, purifying and healing, for fear it will extend and bring corruption and death to the whole body. So it is in a larger degree on the body of humanity. If we leave one ulcer uncleansed the whole body is in danger of fever and unrest. The spots that are out of the range of both church and state are those we shall look to, and we wish for the sympathy and co-operation of all those who are grand enough to view humanity as a whole, and are unselfish enough to wish to heal and elevate the humblest cell in the great body.

The Rochester Brotherhood desire to "help, aid and assist" humanity in any and every way possible, the publication of the OCCULT WORD being only one means toward that end. They have and will give their personal attention to those that need assistance. "THE HOME" of the editor at Rochester has been beautified and made comfortable by the co-operation of many of our brothers and sisters, and we cordially invite all those that sympathize with this work to meet us there freely for rest and consolation. We especially wish to invite those that have met us there in years past, doing all in their power to lighten our burdens—to come to us now, and be like the lilies of the field. Some have

asked about "THE HOME," seeming to consider it a sort of public institution—a co-operative, industrial, self-supporting enterprise, or a sanitarium; but such is not the case, for it is the private home of the editor; still it is co-operative to this extent: it has been built up, carried on and prospered by the help and prayers of so many kind and dear friends, that one life will not afford time and opportunity for us to fully repay them.

* *

WE send the OCCULT WORD to all whom we think would be interested in the subjects of which it treats. Whenever a name is entered on our list we continue to send the paper after the subscription has expired. Any of our friends who receive the paper and do not care for it, will confer a favor by advising us so that it can be sent to some one else. We will send the paper to any one who will apply for it, free of charge, though if they are pleased with it and feel able to pay something to help the work along, they would thereby become co-workers with us. We have some extra copies, which we will send out as samples if the friends of the OCCULT WORD will furnish us lists of those whom they think would care for them, but we do not wish them to feel under obligation to pay for the paper because a sample is sent to them.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The World's Advance Thought, a newspaper published by Progressive Publishing Co., of Salem, Oregon, monthly, at \$1.00 per year, is the "Avant-Courier of the new Spiritual Dispensation."

Many of our friends would find much of interest in this paper. We find it remarkable for its sweet toleration for the opinions of others, and the kind words it showers on all. All the work on the paper, both intellectual and manual, is done by three brave souls who are working for Humanity to the best of their light and ability. We hope the paper will be well supported, for it needs and deserves the help of those who desire to assist in the progress of humanity.

The Mystery of the Ages, Contained in the Secret Doctrine of all Religions (second edition), by Marie, Countess of Caithness, Duchess de Pomar. London: C. L. H. Wallace, Philanthropic Reform Publisher, Oxford Mansion, W., 1887. Tasteful binding, clean paper and printing, photographic portrait of author, making thus a fine library edition.

Just as we are going to press we receive from Countess Caithness a copy of the second edition of her work, *The Mystery of the Ages*. We have not time for an extended review, but find it a fine handbook of Theosophy.

Hermetic, Oriental (Brahmin and Buddhist), Pagan, Semitic (Hebrew and Mahometan), and Christian Theosophies are detailed with a generous and deep scholarship. Commencing with an introduction carefully stating the problem and defining Theosophy, and ending with a conclusion which sums up that the great Divine Wisdom, the Mother, as the true path to the fountain of existence, the book throughout inculcates that the human soul is living, and by it only can we search for the reality of things.

We have not had time to search for extracts, but the following paragraph strikes us, and is a whole volume in itself:

"Those who rule by force are ruled and perish by force; for when a greater force is brought to bear upon them how can they avoid destruction? Those who rule by love, by love shall be saved, and their love shall be eternal life, for their life is love eternal. All evil aims at the destruction of life, but good tries to develop, preserve and regenerate the living soul into Eternal Being."

The Future Rulers of America is a pamphlet published by the Hermetic Publishing Company of Chicago, and being numbered "Hermetic Manuscript No. 1," gives promise that there are more to issue from the same source in the future. This one

contains a prophecy. During the time of "Hiram, King of Tyre," a colony was planted in Central America and after a time were directed to go to the mountains to escape invasions from warlike native tribes. They found a beautiful valley entirely surrounded by inaccessible mountains, only a narrow gate way affording an inlet. This was closed soon after their entrance. Here directed by the wisdom they brought from the East they have developed into a mighty nation of learned scientists, handling the forces of nature with ease and certainty, and from thence, we are told, will soon come our future rulers.

Granting it to be true, what becomes our duty and how can we avoid the threatened invasion? if they are merely materialists having acquired no additional spirituality by their development, then, indeed, they will be a destructive force like refined dynamite, breaking down all opposition. We hope, however, and have reason to expect that the Future Rulers of America will be highly developed spiritual beings, who will rule and govern the vineyard with love and kindness and forces more potent than war and strife. Let us, then, all try to get on that plane by striving to be as just as possible and to love unselfishly, and to keep without the hope of fee or reward. We would then be in a position to withstand all evil and welcome all good, whether it comes from mountain or plain, sky or earth.

We should hail the advent of just rulers of America. There is no such thing as ruling a spiritual being. Thus each one in degree as he becomes spiritual becomes master over himself. He who is faithful over a few things shall be ruler over many.

THE AMERICAN PROBLEM.

The attainment of the individual and the perfection, or improvement of Society, are the two subjects of most intense concern among thinkers and humanitarians.

Orientalism has furnished the most conspicuous demonstration of the capacity of individual mortals to reach exalted power over matter.

Western civilization has developed a more general diffusion of intelligence, and a tendency to discover the laws and conditions of association.

Americanism, while its distinctive principle is the dignity and equal value of the human individual unit, is also a pronouncement of humanitarianism involving the germ of Social Science. The individual responsible for the State and the State the instrument of individual benefit. To promote the general welfare of the object of collective and individual administration.

The law of love applied to all social institutions is the problem set us by the Declaration of Independence.

Americanism is an ideal. We have no precedent. Our chief concern as citizens is to construct a model from the germinal idea that gave us our natural existence.

Americanism is the Occult Word of Occidental civilization. Occidentalism, especially the portion of it in these United States, is the antipodes of the recluse spirit, of the individualism that seeks abstraction and distinction in special and extreme development for the purpose of individual attainment only.

"He that is the greatest among you let him be servant." Americanism demands service. The American spirit is sensitive and quick to dissent from a tendency to exalt an office, and the individual as the occupant of an office. The forces of mammon and the spirit of greed have evolved some of the American institutions in our land. The danger signs are conspicuous. No less significant are the signs of a deep and potent tendency to conserve and perfect the essential principles of Americanism.

Man and his capacity to produce, the individual and the worker on the one side,—

man and the rightful reward of his industry, the true relation of the unit of society and the collective body on the other side,—this is the supreme problem of western civilization, and preeminently of America.

The genius of Americanism is the opportunity of the law of love. To love the neighbour as thyself is possible only through Social Science, *i. e.*, only through Social Science can the conditions be created that promote this love by the individual in external associative life. Loving the neighbor sentimentally, without actualizing it in the workshop and the mart, as well as in all the systems of exchange, is not "fulfilling of the law."

Such a love is in effect saying, "be ye warmed and be ye clothed." Such a sentimental pretence is the reverse of fulfilling the law; it is its destruction.

Law is the operation of principles. "Love one another," is the active operation of the inmost principle of life. Its passive form is void of useful results. To love the brother is to seek how every relation, especially the industrial pursuits on which material subsistence depend, may dispense blessing, positive good.

To fulfill the law of love every means of material gain must be so adjusted that no undue advantage can accrue to any individual, or class of individuals.

This is the real American problem. In it is involved both the highest attainment to the individual, and the highest social progress.

This is an immense problem. It is worthy the supreme devotion, the earnest study and effort of all souls desiring high attainment.

To reach any degree of control over elemental forces, to become a Yogi or an Adept is a diminutive achievement compared to the attainment of a practical lover of humanity, a genuine Social Scientist, a man or woman who actualizes the law of love.

Employer and employee under this law become mutual helpers. Capital and labor under integral co-operation will become identical in interests.

The Christos embodied in human institutions, this is the goal of Americanism. The brotherhood of man demonstrated in associative life from the plane of man's inventive capacity and productive energy, this is the supreme exaltation.

Man's creative capacity contributing to the general welfare, not to the aggrandizement of the individual, this is the law of love for lack of which thousands are perishing. Perishing in the hopelessness of tenement house poverty and squalor. Perishing in the wasting entombment of dark attics and the insufficient food of the needlewomen in our cities.

Tall church spires and gorgeous ceremonies, magnificent Board of Trade buildings, and overflowing treasuries, these are tremendous blasphemies over-shadowing starved children, prostituted women, and men who seek in vain for employment.

Americanism is vastly more than successful commerce and invention. It is successful humanitarianism. It is the actualization and outward embodiment of the love of the neighbor which is "the fulfilling of the law."

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

THE address of the Rev. Anna Shaw on the "Heavenly Vision" at the Washington Convention was worthy her namesake, Dr. Anna Kingsford.

ZANONI EXPLAINED.

[From rare edition of Bulwer-Lytton's works, published in London, in a Steuben county collection.]

Mejnour.—Contemplation of the actual—Science.

Always old and must last as long as the Actual. Less fallible than Idealism, but less practically potent from its ignorance of the Human heart.

Zanoni.—Contemplation of the Ideal. IDEALISM, always necessarily sympathetic, lives by enjoyment and is therefore typified by eternal youth. Idealism is the potent Interpreter and Prophet of the Real; but its powers are impaired in proportion to their exposure to human passion.

Viola.—HUMAN INSTINCT. (Hardly worthy to be called Love, as love would not forsake its object at the bidding of Superstition.) Resorts, first, in its aspiration after the Ideal to tinsel shows, then relinquishes these for a higher love; but is still, from the conditions of its nature, inadequate to this, and liable to suspicion and mistrust. Its greatest force, (Maternal Instinct) has power to penetrate some secrets, to trace some movements of the Ideal, but too feeble to command them, yields to Superstition, sees sin where there is none, while committing sin under a false guidance, weakly seeking refuge amidst the very tumults of the warring passions of the Actual, while deserting the serene Ideal; pining, nevertheless, in the absence of the Ideal, and expiring (not perishing but being transmuted) in the aspiration after having the laws of the two natures reconciled. (It might best suit popular apprehension to call these three the Understanding, the Imagination and the Heart.)

Child.—NEW BORN INSTINCT.—While trained and informed (by Idealism) promises a præter-human result by its early, incommunicable vigilance and intelligence, but is compelled by inevitable orphanhood and one-half of the laws of its existence, to lapse into ordinary conditions.

Adon-ai.—FAITH which manifests its splendour, and delivers its oracles, and imparts its marvels, only to the higher moods of the soul; and whose directed antagonism is with Fear, so those who employ the resources of Fear must dispense with those of Faith. Yet aspiration holds open a way of restoration, and may summon Faith, even when the cry issues from beneath the yoke of Fear.

Dweller of the Threshold.—Fear (or Horror) from whose ghastliness men are protected by the opacity of the region of prescription and custom. The moment this protection is relinquished; and the human spirit pierces the cloud and enters alone on the unexplored regions of Nature, this natural Horror daunts it, and is to be successfully encountered only by defiance, by aspiration toward, and reliance on, the Former and Director of Nature, whose messenger and instrument of re-assurance is Faith.

Merivale.—CONVENTIONALISM.

Nicot.—Base, grovelling, malignant Passion.

Glyndon.—Unsustained Aspiration.—Would follow Instinct, but is deterred by Conventionalism; is overawed by Idealism, yet attracted and transiently inspired; but has not steadiness for the initiatory contemplation of the Actual. He conjoins its snatched privileges with a besetting sensualism, and suffers at once from the horrors of the one, and the disgust of the other, involving the innocent in the fatal conflict of his spirit. When on the point of perishing he

is rescued by Idealism; and unable to rise to that species of existence, is grateful to be replunged into the region of the Familiar, and takes his rest henceforth in Custom.

ARGUMENT.

Human existence subject to, and exempt from, ordinary conditions (Sickness, Poverty, Ignorance, Dissolution.)

Science is ever striving to carry the most gifted beyond ordinary conditions—the result being as many victims as efforts, and the striver being finally left a solitary—for his object is unsuitable to the natures he has to deal with.

The pursuit of the Ideal involves so much emotion as to render the Idealist vulnerable to human passion, however long and well-guarded, still vulnerable, liable at last to a union with instinct. Passion obscures both insight and forecast. All effort to elevate Instinct to Idealism is abortive, the laws of their being not coinciding (in the early stage of the existence of the one) Instinct is either alarmed, and takes refuge in superstition or customs, or is left helpless to human charity, or given over to providential care.

Idealism stripped of insight and forecast, loses its serenity, becomes subject once more to the horror from which it had escaped, and by accepting its aids, forfeits the highest help of Faith; aspiration however remaining still possible, and thereby slow restoration, and also, SOMETHING BETTER.

Summoned by aspiration, Faith extorts from Fear itself the saving truth to which Science remains blind, and which Idealism itself hails as its crowning acquisition, the inestimable PROOF wrought out by all labors and all conflicts.

Pending the elaboration of this proof, *Conventionalism* plods on safe and complacent.

Selfish Passion perishes grovelling and hopeless.

Instinct sleeps, in order to a loftier waking, and

Idealism learns, as its ultimate lesson, that self-sacrifice is true redemption; that the region beyond is the fitting one for exemption from mortal conditions, and that the Everlasting Portal indicated by the Divine finger is the broad avenue, through which man does not issue, solitary and stealthy, into the region of free existence, but enters triumphant, hailed by a hierarchy of immortal natures. The result is, in other words, that the [nearly] Universal Human Lot is, after all, that of the highest privilege.

FROM JAPAN.

We are pleased to lay the following letter from Japan before our readers, and underneath the letter we reproduce the little tract, "A Brief Account of 'Shinshiu,'" which was sent with it. The simple sweetness of this letter and of their philosophy touches our hearts, and we freely extend our hands to these brothers and sisters of that far distant land. We wish them to feel this is our reply to them and hope they will write us freely. We hardly know how to speak acceptably to them in consequence of the great difference of nationality and customs, but we believe that true affection of the heart must be the same among all nations. This we freely give them, and invite them to come to our home and abide with us, our welcome guests, until they shall learn—if we have anything better to give them—and in the meantime we will gladly become little children to be taught by them.

Their doctrine of "help from another" is the same principle on which our Brotherhood is based; though somewhat differently expressed. We say "Love and help one another."

Is not the power of Amita Buddha the power of *love* shown by the exercise of his boundless mercy to all creatures? This is, indeed, the power of the *Father* exemplified by the *Christ*, and the Christ life is a life of love.

THE FUTSUKIOCO OF THE WEST

HONGANJI, KIOTO, NOV. 9, 1887.

DEAR MRS. CABLES:

From "The Path" I had the honor to know your prominent name and also the journal called THE OCCULT WORD, published under your care—the noted paper regarding to the Theosophy. In Japan there is no woman journalist, and of course no paper written by woman, so I will gladly tell you about the present state of Buddhism and other religions in Japan, and may I wish you to give mercy over the ignorant female party of Buddhism. They are hoping future correspondence with you, and are very desirous to hear some detailed statements about the woman Buddhist in the West; and also we cannot help being much interested of your earnest efforts.

If you will give us kindly an epistle to tell some things, how great our delight will be.

A Buddhist sect to which we belong, called *Shinshiu* is most prevailed or powerful in Japan, and it contains larger number than the others. Please take trouble of reading the short paper of the doctrine of the sect of *Shinshiu*. I am,

Very truly yours,

Z. SAWAI.

I am a man who is engaged to the temperance association which in the hope of propagation of the principles—the principle of abstinence from alcoholic or intoxicating drinks. Address the Futsukioco of the West Honganji, Kioto, Japan.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF "SHINSHIU."

Buddhism teaches that all things, both abstract and concrete, are produced and destroyed by certain causes and combination of circumstances: and that the state of our present life has its cause in what we have done in our previous existence up to the present; and our present actions will be come the causes of our state of existence in the future life.

As our doings are good or bad and of different degrees of excellence or evil, so these produce different effects, having many degrees of suffering or happiness, all men and other sentient beings have an interminable existence, dying in one form and being reborn in another; so that if men wish to escape from a miserable state of transmigration, they must cut off the causes, which are the passions, such for example as covetousness, anger, &c.

The principal object of Buddhism is to enable men to obtain salvation from misery according to the doctrine of "extinction of passion." This doctrine is the cause of salvation, and salvation is the effect of this doctrine.

This salvation we call Nirvana, which means eternal happiness and is the state of Buddha.

It is, however, very difficult to cut off all the passions, but Buddhism professes to teach many ways of obtaining this object.

Nagardjuna, the Indian saint, said that in

Buddhism there are many ways, easy and difficult as in worldly ways, some painful like a mountainous journey, others pleasant like sailing on the sea. These ways may be classed in two divisions, one being called "self-power" or help through self, and the other called "the power of others" or help through another.

Our sect, called "Shinshiu," literally meaning: "True doctrine," which was founded by Shinran Shonin, teaches the doctrine of "help from another."

Now, what is the "power of another?" It is the great power of Amita Buddha. Amita means "boundless," and we believe that the life and light of Buddha are both perfect, also that other Buddhas obtained their state of Buddhahood, by the help of Amita Buddha. Therefore Amita Buddha is called the chief of the Buddhas.

Amita Buddha always exercises his boundless mercy upon all creatures and shows a great desire to help and influence all people who rely on him to complete all merits and be reborn into Paradise (Nirvana).

Our sect pays no attention to the other Buddhas, and putting faith only in the great desire of Amita Buddha, expect to escape from the miserable world and to enter into Paradise in the next life. From the time of putting faith in the saving desire of Buddha we do not need any power of self help, but need only keep his mercy in heart and invoke his name in order to remember him. These doings we call: "thanksgiving for salvation."

In our sect we make no difference between priest and layman, as concerns their way of obtaining salvation, the only difference being in their profession or business; and consequently the priest is allowed to marry and to eat flesh and fish, which is prohibited to the members of other Buddhist sects.

Again, our sect forbids all prayers or supplications for happiness in the present life, to any of the Buddhas, even to Amita Buddha, because the events of the present life cannot be altered by the power of others; and teaches the followers of the sect to do their moral duty; loving each other, keeping order and the laws of the government.

We have many writings stating the principles inculcated by our sect, but I give only the translation of the following creed, which was written by Rennyo Shonin who was the chief priest of the 8th generation from the founder:

CREED.

Rejecting all religions, austerities and other action, giving up all idea of self-power, we rely upon Amita Buddha with the whole heart, for our salvation in the future life, which is the most important thing; believing that at the moment of putting our faith in Amita Buddha, our salvation is settled. From that moment, invocation of his name is observed to express gratitude and thankfulness for Buddha's mercy. Moreover, being thankful for the reception of this doctrine from the founder and succeeding chief priests whose teachings were so benevolent, and as welcome as light in a dark night; we must also keep the laws which are fixed for our duty during our whole life.

"In the Beauty of the Lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

The following letters were written by our brothers to friends. We consider them useful to many, as they contain wise and important hints, coming as they do from those who have studied some; sought for much, but have practised more. The letters will answer many questions that have been asked us, and so will be gratefully received by other students:

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER JUST RECEIVED FROM EDWARD MAITLAND.

"I have to thank you for sending me Nos. 1-4 of the OCCULT WORD, and to express the satisfaction with which Mrs. Kingsford and I have read them and noticed the close accordance of your teaching with that which we have received and endeavored to promulgate. We are pleased also to see you giving an extended circulation to the doctrines of the PERFECT WAY by means of liberal citations from that book. I grieve to be unable to report any improvement in the health of my dear colleague, Mrs. Kingsford. Her malady has continued its advance unchecked, until her weakness and emaciation have become extreme, and it is hoping against hope to expect her recovery, or even a much longer continuance in life. I alone do not absolutely despair, since I recognize transcendental sources of vitality of which medical science takes no account. But to believe in the possibility of a cure and to know the Divine intention concerning her are two different things. "The Gods can if they will; but will they?" It may be that to detain her here in a body of weakness and suffering would be to withhold her from accomplishing her work in a far more efficient way from the other side."

✠ TOO TRUE—"Emigravit." News arrives as we go to press. Full memorials hereafter.

My Dear H.

Ever since I heard you had become interested in occult studies I have wished to write you a careful letter.

In regard to astrology find out if you can the day, hour and place of your birth and preserve it carefully. Some day you will perhaps meet with some one who can help you decipher your fate. But this knowledge is not the highest, because it treats of man as being still subject to influences which the redeemed man has nothing to do with.

I want especially to call your attention to the fact that, for generations your ancestors have been interested in, and devoted to, the then prevalent forms of religious belief. Now, all that is cropping out in you and you have come in contact with a set of ideas which look as if possibly they may be the truth.

Now the best evidence of the reality of truth is the fact that so many counterfeits of it exist, and one of the greatest misfortunes to which man is subject is the fact that his hereditary tendencies lead him towards some one of the counterfeits, and it is only by bringing out all of the royalty of his nature that a man can pierce through the shadows of the reality behind it.

Now, do not glory in any way that you can comprehend and can understand certain things, for it all may be an expression of mental tendencies which will lead you as far from perfect health and peace as bodily conditions may do. Perhaps you may even find if you look at things in this way that you may have a filial duty to perform in recon-

ciling what you have been taught with truth as it comes to you, so that your ancestors cannot be condemned, because in you came an unworthy expression of things divine.

A man in perfect health physically, hardly knows that an organ of his body exists; he simply knows that health is all over him, but the diseased man is conscious of the various organs. So do not regard intellectual seeking as a healthful condition, for were you perfect spiritually you would need none of it.

The wise men of all times have recognized the fact that the great majority of men need discipline and training of some careful kind, in order that their bodies and minds may be prepared to recognize the great truth which is some day to be perceived by all.

You are now starting out in an active, business-like career, and I should strongly advise your taking up the philosophies of action, and probably in Shakespeare's great dramas you will find all you need.

In regard to Occultism and Theosophy as generally taught, don't meddle; there will always be called to your attention some fact or principle which will point you onward, and always tendencies within you will be clamoring for orderly expression.

Do not doubt that we are all watched over, and so take the events of your life as they come to you, as being your ordeals and initiations.

I send a few copies of a little paper that may interest you and I hope to hear from you.

Sincerely and truly,

HOLLIS B. PAGE.

My Dear Friend:—There is one idea in your last letter that I wish to write you about. You seem to think we are to work out our own salvation ALONE. I do not see how this can be, but on the contrary, I doubt if any of us are ever alone. We are, as you know, cells in the great body of humanity, which the CHRIST will redeem and purify, and return to the FATHER a perfected, complete and harmonious whole. Each cell is dependent on every other cell for support and strength. A number of cells are grouped together and form the organs which are alike dependent on each other. The heart is the great centre. The head, feet, hands, etc., are all necessary to carry out the directions and commands of the heart, which is governed by LOVE PERSONIFIED or THE CHRIST.

We must seek for, and cultivate this love principle in every one we see. We see no one but that is best for us or them. "There are no accidents." I firmly believe we can only truly prosper and advance on any of the planes by the love and gratitude of others. "He who shall lose his life shall find it." When we arrive at a state when we can think the next life without FEAR, and are willing to lose this life for the MASTER's work, we are then ready to leave earthly life for ever. We will see the MASTER when our work has been such as to merit the call, and His "Well done thou good and faithful servant," will be more to us than a gift of the whole world.

Do not wander away from the path of the active, charitable heart development for intellectual theories of any one, especially those mystics whose writings can only be understood by specially endowed psychics. Do not let us seem dictatorial to you my dear friend. I am very anxious you should not read too much.

There is no harder task we can try to perform than a practice of the "GOLDEN RULE." Let us put ourself in the place of everyone

we meet. When we can truly "love our enemies," we have conquered all animal matter, and are ADEPTS.

The way is so simple, yet when we attempt to follow it we find but few are travelling that road. Nowadays the head leads the people; but head without heart is but cold intellectualism, and leads to many theories and systems. They cannot all be true, and I doubt if any of them have enough of the true in them to repay us for wading through them. "It is better to do than to know." I cannot believe in faith without works, for show me the work for humanity where love is not. Do not for a moment doubt the help that unselfish love will give. Do not doubt that sympathy and gratitude will lift you up and the incense of loving deeds done to the least of the FATHER's creatures will waft you to the highest spheres.

Yours in peace,

"RENUNCIATION."

* * I think you will understand me, for you know if I send out the truth it will apply itself. If I only try to send the mark will be missed, and I shall fall just so far short of my intentions. Now, in the light and the understanding of the truth as I see it we are perfect—perfect in what? In every thing, for were we not created or imaged by perfection? How can perfection bring forth or image an imperfection? Now, when we say we are weak, are we not imputing a lie to the creative force? Are we not accusing perfectness of imaging blemishes and imperfections? What is the body then, you ask, and why do I feel so exhausted? In so far as we lack imperfection we are under belief of lies; and "he that believeth a lie, &c.," suffereth for it; and then, too, in believing an untruth we have taken strange Gods to our hearts, and herein comes the command: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." Does not believing in deceiving and illusive Gods fill our souls to the exclusion of faith in any other?

Therefore, unwittingly we are believing in holding on to, and having faith in, and worshipping false Gods. I know we are doing this evil thing, for the Intelligence says to me, "I am Omnipotent, Omniscient and Omnipresent, and in Me ye have strength and wisdom and eternal life"—only according, however, to our exhibition of faith.

I have thrown out these two or three hints, and send with them my thoughts for the truth. I know that you will read between the lines and elucidate clearly what I am so awkward in expressing, but do remember, my friend, that there is no truth whatever in physical senses only that the body reflects like a mirror the mental or spiritual condition.

Know the perfect only. Recognize no imperfection, for as God is perfect and everywhere, perfection must also be everywhere, and although this may seem inconsistent at first thought it is, nevertheless, the true thought and key to all. We may use this key or not, and until we open the door of our understanding with this key and enter into the path of true knowledge and wisdom we are standing with our faces from the Light, living upon husks that even the swine will not eat, worshipping strange Gods, believing in illusions and lies, wallowing in the mire of darkness and groping blindly, burdened by our belief and weighed down to the ground in our terrible dream—for dream it is. The awakening is the real. Let us

shake ourselves out of this nightmare, rub our eyes and recognize our true selves, children of a perfect Father, who imaged all and is "no respecter of persons."

FEBRUARY 22, 1888.

My Dear Mrs. Cables:

Many of our members will have a summer vacation, and perhaps the time has come in the life of our Brotherhood for us to meet together somewhere and have an informal conference.

There are, perhaps, none among us who would care to be called "teachers," and certainly we would not wish to burden our busy brethren, who already have more to do than they know how to do, with the preparation of "papers." But it does seem as if a week spent in harmonious inquiry and in the exchanging of thought would result in great good.

We have not a well equipped town to receive us as have the Concord Summer School of Philosophy; neither do we own grounds and equipment as does the assembly at Chautauqua, but the meeting of even a dozen in some agreed on place in the mountains or on the sea shore would prove a blessing. Watkins Glen is central for all New England and the Middle States, and is the kind of place we want.

In case we have such a meeting we could have no better opportunity of inviting our foreign members, and doing everything in the spirit of mutual interchange we would create, as it were, much to help the *mental body* of our Brotherhood, and the digested results would find themselves later directing our work, and, having calmly looked the ground over, we can go grandly on our way.

Of course all know that "The Home" is ready for those who can come to it to study and grow in, but this idea is a little additional but on the same basis as having set teachers and officers.

Our Brotherhood is increasing rapidly, and it is a great gain to have even a few of our widely scattered members know more of each other, and to meet face to face with those who are going along with us is really a wonderful thing.

I wish you would publish this letter, for there are those who undoubtedly wish to write in an informal conference, and perhaps some may be able to suggest a spot which will form an ideal meeting place. They will write you, and in due time the project will be developed.

Always sincerely,
"PURSUIT."

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—In compliance with the above request we publish the letter and hope that many will give this suggestion due consideration and report to us their conclusions. We think the plan proposed would result in great good in many ways.

But various friends interested in hygiene and occultism assure us the place named is one of the most *unfit* for a gathering of those interested in our philosophy, however such popular resorts might be suited to merely mundane meetings, like those on Chautauqua Lake.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in a recent paper written in his characteristically trenchant style, showed the need of the doctrines propounded by the OCCULT WORD to save the race from ruin. Saul among the prophets.

Hereditary Tendencies of Alcohol and Tobacco—Thoughts for Fathers.

We republish the following article on the use of tobacco from the "*Alpha*" of February 1st. Too much attention cannot be given to this important subject. Every mother should read carefully and ponder deeply. If they have no other resource to aid in abating this evil let them work against it with *their thoughts*, whose potency they little dream of:

The facts below derive unexpected "confirmation strong as Holy Writ" from a friend of the editor's, equally interested in hygienic and occult problems. In the course of a series of Wilhelm Meister-like adventures this man with a body fortified by both athletic and esoteric knowledge, saw fit to work in a room poisoned by tobacco and by the aura of its users diffused by the molecular action of steam. It requires all the self-polarization at his command to avoid being made ill by the polluted atmosphere. What, then, must be the effect upon a helpless babe or a sensitive or sickly woman of contact or aura-mingling with a nicotine saturated organism, especially if the user of tobacco is not purified by out-door exercise or proper ablutions. One of the most ludicrous spectacles is that of a person addicted to the cumulative narcotism of tobacco, priding himself on abstinence from the at least more volatile and cleanly alcoholic beverages. Also, whosoever has learned aught of the plant "elementals" discerns clearly that tobacco is a growth malign to mankind in health. It *may* be valuable as a medicine, hence when men claim that tobacco "agrees" with them, thereby they assume and proclaim their own physical or psychic unwholesomeness.

To one who can discern plant-elementals the use of tobacco is possible, and therefore the knowledge in that particular needless. But as it would be hard to convince the snail-devouring epicure of his error, it is difficult to convince some tobacco-users that the signature of his favorite herb in the vegetable world corresponds in the animal to the loathsome larva known as the tobacco worm.

The following by S. S. Hastings on the hereditary effects of tobacco is so excellent that I quote it entirely:

"A Christian mother, once asked to aid in the distribution of anti-tobacco tracts, replied:

"Why, my husband smokes, my sons smoke! It is a filthy habit, but it makes them easy and happy, and if they do nothing worse they may smoke to their hearts' content.' To such mothers the truths below are most worthy of careful perusal.

"Mothers, do you know that tobacco in your families may poison you, your children, and your posterity? Men of sense say little about it as a nuisance. They go deeper; they treat it as a rank poison, which penetrates flesh and blood and bone, becoming part and parcel of man, making him a living receptacle of the virus; a poisoned body, which, whether asleep or awake, at home or abroad, by insensible perspiration, poisons the common air we breathe. The tobacco effluvia of your son is sufficient to make a stage load of women and children sick, who are not accustomed to it. The tobacco your husband uses each day, made into a tea, and given to a score of children, would poison the whole, and probably lay many of them

dead! The effect of a bit the size of a bean, found in a tea-pot, once alarmed a whole village. It had poisoned the tea, and the tea had poisoned a whole maternal association! These precious ladies found 'death in a pot,' and they began to suspect that tobacco had killed them, whether it had or had not killed their husbands. Take the water from the tub in which a tobacco devotee has been steaming, apply it to the geraniums over town; it will soon dispatch the vermin, and geraniums, too, unless applied with care.

"We are not attempting to show that the users of tobacco injure themselves; this would be superfluous; but do they injure others? Do they injure you and your children? We think they do. Fathers beget children in their own likeness. They transmit their color, features, forms, temperaments and diseases, and sometimes their appetites. And the idea that the offspring of parents debauched on tobacco can avoid disabilities of birth, or avoid an eternal law of God, is ridiculous, is pitiable. Physicians of acumen and sense have sometimes pointed us to family after family of dwarfs and half idiots, saying in substance, 'These are the inherited effects of tobacco! The parents were sots on the poison; like begets like, and here you have it!' Physicians and others have named the case of infants which actually inherited a taste for tobacco, and their wailings, when a few days old, were appeased by beastly parents applying tobacco to their tongues. If getting married does not reform the tobacco toper, one of its blessed effects ought to do so, for no man ought to poison his babe.

"Mothers, you have lost children; they grew sick and died strangely, and no satisfactory cause was assigned which robbed you of these objects of endearment. But did it ever occur to you that, as soon as born, your babies were enveloped in tobacco smoke, their tender lungs played in a poisoned atmosphere the instant they began to play at all? Did it ever occur to you that your child, by sleeping with its father, slept with a huge body of poison, perspiring at a million pores, and lodging its exhalations on the babe? Alas! alas! many fathers of tearful eyes and noble hearts have killed their own children without knowing it.

"Mothers! Rachels! you have rebelled against God, you have filled the air with wailings for children which are no more—children killed by the very one who loves them, the father—are you willing that husbands and sons should smoke to their hearts' content, if they do nothing worse?"

"REGULAR" exoteric science is uneasily edging nearer and nearer the dead line heretofore separating it from esoteric knowledge. For instance, Brown-Sequard, as noted in a recent number of *Science*, has made some studies on the human breath, confirming in a curious way what all conversant with the inner doctrines know as aura.

To the band of earnest women laboring in their convocation at Washington, where the light of such radiant spirits is most needed, our Brotherhood extends greeting.

OWING to delayed mails and other reasons for which neither Mrs. Cables or her Southern friends are responsible, this impression of the OCCULT WORD is delayed in reaching our friends. Nearly a month since the matter therefor was sent North.